

"THE PUBLIC BENEFACITOR!"

AMONG YOU IS THE VERDICT OF ALL.

The Brilliant Success

THAT GREETED THE

GRAND-FALL-OPENING

OF THE

GREAT NEW-YORK FIRE-STORE!

Four Doors North of New Post Office,

Proves That People Do Appreciate Low Prices!

And Good Goods!



From the very fact, to-wit: The disappearance of our tremendous stock. Never before, since Nah landed from his Ark, or in the history of Mexico and Audrain county, have people been so astonished to find such a change in the value of goods,

AT THE PRICES WE ARE SELLING THEM AT.

Great New York Fire Store!
OUR DOORS NORTH OF NEW POST OFFICE.



These are the Prices That Tell the Tale:

500 cassimere suits, best weights, for men, in sacks, worth \$40 a suit, ordered sold by the insurance company at \$4 a suit. Great New York Fire Store, 4 doors north of new postoffice.

Children's suits, we can give you a black school suit for a year's wear, ages ranging from 1 to 12 years, at \$2.50 a suit, and are cheap at twice the money anywhere else. We can provide for the little fellows from 4 to 10 years suits that are cheap at \$4.50, \$5 and \$5.50; we will sell this week at the following: \$6.50, \$2.25 and \$2.75. We promise you a delightful child's suit, age from 4 to 11, at \$2.75; comparatively cheap at \$5.50 anywhere else.

800 pair extra heavy pants, all sizes, for men and are cheap for \$3.50; to close out with the remainder they will be slaughtered at \$1.

375 pair of pants in worsteds, stripes and checks, ordered sold from headquarters at once at \$1.37 1/2; you can get them anywhere else for \$4 and \$4.50.

Pants for boys, we can give you this week an extra heavy jeans pants for boys at 55c.

OVERCOATS! We have still a few left at \$1.75 for the needy ones. All those wishing better ones, get them in comparison in prices.

Wool Cassimere Suits.

275 extra heavy all wool cassimere suits for men, worth \$12.75 a suit, ordered sold by the insurance company at \$5. Great New York Fire Store, 4 doors north of new postoffice.

HATS! HATS! We have a few left of those 25c hats, and they with our extra heavy undershirts and drawers at 25c are going like hot cakes. Strike the iron while it is hot and come at once before they are all gone. This chance will never return. It is impossible to enumerate everything. Come and see for yourself. It will pay you a big dividend on time invested.

Great New York Fire Store,

Four Doors North of New Post Office,

THE GREAT BENEFACITOR OF AUDRAIN COUNTY,

MEXICO, - MISSOURI.

FILES! FILES! FILES!!!
Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Files. One box has cured the worst cases of 20 years' standing. No man need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian File Ointment. I also cure tumors, allays itching, aches, pain, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Files, itching of the private parts, nothing else. Hon. J. M. Coffey, of Cleveland, says: "I have used scores of File cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gives such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment." Sold by druggists and mailed on receipt of price, \$1.
FRAZIER MEDICINE CO., Prop'r., Cleveland, Ohio.
For sale by Dobyns & Gibbs.

An Answer Wanted.
Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50 cents a bottle by J. F. Llewellyn.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fevered sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 5 cents per box. For sale by J. F. Llewellyn.

Free Distribution.
"What causes the great rush at Dobyns & Gibbs' Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and Bronchitis, now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Go to T. F. Roden's if you want fresh groceries of all kinds.

Dr. Bosanko.
This name has become so familiar with the most of people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Bosanko Cough and Lung Syrup, the people's favorite remedy, wherever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1. Sold by Dobyns & Gibbs.

Farmers, It Will Pay You to Paste This in Your Hat.
When you bring your country produce, such as feathers, hides, wool, tallow, &c., to market, look out and don't let it to street runners; they will swindle you every time. If you want the full market price and good, correct weight, be sure to look up Sax Morins; he will always pay you top prices in cash. His warehouse is one and a half blocks northeast of public square, near Mexico Custom Mill, and you can bet on him treating you so that you will call the second time.

Good Farm for Rent.
A farm of 440 acres, 10 miles southwest of Mexico, for rent, for a term of years. Eighty acres clover and corn, balance in grass. Possession given immediately. Apply to A. C. Hitt, on premises. 31-4t

MR. CLEVELAND'S ROUTINE.

How He Makes Visitors Feel at Home—His Joke at the Expense of a Bridal Party—He Will Not Accept Gifts.

New York World.

Governor Cleveland is an early riser. He generally gets up at 7 a. m., and has breakfast at 8. He remains at the executive mansion until 9, when he starts alone for the capitol. It is about ten minutes' walk, and the governor proceeds at a slow but measured gait. When he arrives at the capitol he first enters his private room, and, after removing his hat and overcoat, goes at once to the executive chamber. Taking a seat at his large, square and flat topped table, he is ready for the morning ebb of visitors.

They come in groups: up to noon-time a continuous procession of men, women and children files into the beautiful chamber. When it is well filled the doors are closed and the callers who are in the outside room have to wait their turn. The governor is naturally democratic in his ways. He is fond of simplicity and does not affect it. There is no need of red tape introducing to him. He introduces himself to the visitors, although they may all be strangers to him. When he perceives that there are a number of people in the room, some walking around and admiring the portraits of distinguished statesmen, others standing around gazing at him, he suddenly arises from his cane-bottomed chair and approaches the nearest group to him. He walks up and proffers his hand, saying: "How do you do? I am glad to see you."

The person thus addressed mentions his or her name and if he or she knows any of the parties near an introduction follows. The governor converses with the party for a few moments and then passes on to the next group. He does not stop until he has shaken hands with all who are in the room, exchanging a few words with them. The room being cleared by those who have had the good fortune to see and talk to the next president, he slips for a few minutes into the inner room, where his private secretary, Col. Daniel S. Lamont, is busy looking over official documents. Returning, the governor goes through another levee and then another until it is time for him to lunch. He goes to lunch about 2 p. m. and returns at 3:30, when the public receptions are continued. It is estimated that at least 500 persons pay their respects to him daily. Every person visiting Albany makes it a point to try and see the next president.

BRIDAL TRIP TO ALBANY.
To-day three happy couples on their bridal trip called upon him and he extended to them his congratulations and best wishes. One of the grooms told the governor that he had been married that morning, which made the bride blush.

"Please, governor," said the groom, "write your name on this card."

As the governor was doing so he quietly put in:

"There's no use of putting down the date, as you will probably remember it all your life."

The groom and the bride laughed heartily as they glanced at each other and then at the governor. Just as this couple wheeled away a plain-dressed woman walked in his direction leading a towheaded youth. The latter was timid and kept himself in the rear. The governor arose, and extending his hand to the woman, said:

"Well, madam, how are you?"
"Very well, thank you, governor," she replied, and turning around to the youth she exclaimed:

"Come here, Tim, here's the president," and the governor took the boy's hand. As the woman was bidding the governor adieu she said:

"We will have you for president for eight years, so we will."

The governor laughed at the remark, which was given in such an earnest and quaint way. A gentleman told the governor that he would see him inaugurated if he had to walk to Washington.

rangements," said the governor. The best ceremony will please me much better than a big display."

The governor reiterates his statements that the recent visits of distinguished Democrats from all parts of the country have no political significance, and that he only talked with them about the late contest and the campaign.

"The members of congress," he added, "who called upon me were on their way to Washington, and stopped over to see me. There were many of them who I had never met before."

The Horseshoe's Luck.
Now that the horseshoe, as a pretty symbol of good luck, forms so much a part of household decoration, it may not be amiss to say a word about its significance in the olden times. The horseshoe was anciently believed to be a protection against witchcraft and witches, who could no more overcome the sanctity of its semi-circular form than they could the movement of a stream which brook, as witnessed the race of Tam O'Shanter, who, pursued by them, passed the keystone of the bridge himself, while the tail of his good mare, on the wrong side thereof, became the prey of the pursuing warlocks.

We have seen the horseshoe nailed to the lintel of barns and masts of vessels, for a witch, mounted on her broomstick, might take it into her head to descend upon some unlucky craft, so she might call upon the surging waves to engulf it, unless it were protected by this holy symbol. For a horse to cast a shoe was a bad omen when a gallant knight was about to start upon some expedition; hence, if a horse stumbled, which he would be sure to do if imperfectly shod was unlucky. We do not, in our day, believe much in witches or bad signs, but everybody is pleased with the good luck implied in the finding of a horseshoe.

Turpentine in Infectious Diseases.
The Medical Record tells us that H. Viland writes in the *Jugendkräft* for Lager, concerning the value of the oil of turpentine in the treatment and prophylaxis of diphtheria and exanthematic diseases. He states that he has never seen any of these diseases spread from a sick child to other members of the family when this remedy was employed. In many of his cases no isolation could be attempted, as the mother was the only female in the family, and was obliged to take care of the sick and the well, continually passing back and forth from one to the other. His method was to pour from twenty to forty drops of a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and carbolic acid into a kettle of water, which was kept simmering over a slow fire, so that the air of the sick room was constantly impregnated with the odor of these two substances. He claims also that by this means a favorable influence is exerted upon the exudation in diphtheria, although it is by no means curative of the disease, and should never be relied upon to the exclusion of other remedies.

Anonymous Letter Writers.
Paris Mercury.

We have a picture of the furies which represent all the wild, mean and cruel passions that fill the hearts of the most depraved. The heathen makes the countenance of his evil god to portray the feelings that they think prompt him in his devilish work, and the Christian world points to the snake—deceptive and venomous—as the primitive cause of evil; but we doubt whether all these evil ideas combined can furnish an adequate thought of the depravity of the miserable wretch who writes anonymous letters. It is cowardly, sneaking and depraved. It breathes the spirit of the assassin. It would cast a shade on virtue and steal the good name of the dead. God may, in the great judgment day, admit some of them into heaven on account of their ignorance, but we doubt it.

Resolutions of Respect.
WHEREAS, it is the desire of the Women's Missionary Society and the Aid Society, to pay some tribute of respect to the memory of our loved sister; be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. S. P. Emmons, our societies have lost a faithful and true member and the church one of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That we hold in sweet remembrance her many virtues, and that we most tenderly sympathize with the bereaved and disconsolate family. And further,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the family of the deceased and the same published in each of the Mexico papers.

By order of the society.
Mrs. W. W. Fay, Sec. 5th, 1884.

"That Settles It."
We have often read in the good book of the happy time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. The event has transpired.

On last Sunday night, in St. Louis, the editors of the *Guard and Sturgeon* were bed-fellows, and slept sound and peaceful under the same cover. Which was the lion and which the lamb it would be difficult to decide. In the language of Bob White, "That settles it."—Centralist.

Cleveland gets on an average of 3,000 letters a day about offices. He reads none of them.

"I know nothing about the arrangements," said the governor. The best ceremony will please me much better than a big display."

The governor reiterates his statements that the recent visits of distinguished Democrats from all parts of the country have no political significance, and that he only talked with them about the late contest and the campaign.

LOVE WITHOUT HOPE.

(Extracts from a letter to a Republican.)

The struggle is useless, the prayer is in vain, Love will not die; The rose will wither, but the thorn must remain.

The pleasure has turned to monotonous pain—

The smile to a sigh.

What is love without hope? 'Tis a monarch unsworn—

'Tis a longing unspoken;

'Tis a rose without scent—'tis a discordant sound

From a harp all unstrung; 'tis a festering wound.

In a heart that is broken.

Go, love, I beseech thee; my heart is no dwelling

For love without hope;

My soul, all dissolved, to my eyes would be welling

My heart with the grief of thy presence is swelling

In darkness I grope.

In my breast, at least, hope springs not

Unborn; nor grants me one ray;

I cherish no dream of a life ever vernal

With hope and its kindred, and sunlight

supernal—

Hope has fled me for aye.

HOW I WAS SAVED.

Dedicated to Any One Who Thinks of Committing Suicide.

Written for the Ledger.

The wind moaned and shrieked about the house till it seemed as if I was beleaguered by a legion of devils.

The branches of the old maple at the window rustled against the glass, moved by the invisible fingers of the wind, and now and then swept the window with a violence that made me half start from the huge arm-chair I occupied.

The voices of the night mingling with the wind, jarred harshly upon my nerves. Now and then I drew my chair mechanically up to the stove and extended my benumbed hands. The iron struck an additional chill to my shivering body. The ashes within were dead and cold. There had been no fire for weeks. I crouched miserably down into the depths of the chair and sought warmth from the contact of different parts of my frame. Then I forgot the cold in contemplation of the deed that I must do. Ah, you who have not felt it cannot realize the awful sensations of the wretch who endeavors to fortify himself against the commitment of a deed of darkness. Twice I raised myself with a shudder and grasped the long black object that rested beside me. Twice I sank back again with a moan and covered my face with my hands. "I can not do it," I muttered between my set teeth. What right have I to imperil my immortal soul? I hold it but in trust, and it will be demanded of me. But, O Heavens! must I die of cold and exposure? I arose and moved with faltering steps to the door, double locked it and stopped the key hole securely. I tore the bedclothes from the bed and bung them about the wall to deaden the sound and then with one inarticulate prayer I again grasped the horrid black object—and even then I could not nerve myself to do it. I hesitated a moment and in that moment I was saved! An inspiration came suddenly to me and I rushed out—out into the snow and the bitter, bitter wind.

I hired a mercenary fellow to do it and it draws beautifully.

What profiteth it a man if he saves a quarter and loses his own temper? If ye fracture one commandment while erecting a stove-pipe, ye fracture them all, or words to that effect.

SUITSARE DREPPERS.

He Cornered Her.

"Johnny, take the broom and go out and sweep the leaves off the pavement."

"Doggone the leaves! What makes 'em fall so fast?"

"The good Lord causes them to fall each year to remind us that the end of our season of life is ever close at hand, and that we, too, must soon fall."

"Well, when they come out again in the spring what is that to remind us of?"

"That is to remind us that if we are good we, like them, will bud out new and bright in paradise."

"Yes, but them leaves don't bud out in paradise; they're just on the same old trees on our pavement. Accorded to that we ought to bud out again down here where we fall off at."

"Hurry on out. Don't stand there and talk so much."

"Yes, that's a good way to get out of it."

A Heavy Bill.

He entered Hooton's coal office with a small market basket on his arm.

"Give me a ton of coal."

"Yes, sir," replied Bob, "where shall I send it?"

"Oh, just put it in this basket; I'll carry it home myself."

"But we have a wagon right here and can send it up at once."

"No, I can carry the coal easy enough, but you might send the bill up in a wagon."

The Holden Enterprise, one of the best newspapers in the state, agrees with the Ledger and says:

We earnestly ask that these facts be taken into consideration by the incoming administration and that Missouri's reform, law and order governor be given the Secretaryship of the Interior Department. Such a choice will be as wise as it is merited and will tend more than anything else to place the great state of Missouri in the prominence she so richly deserves.